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Roxbury, May 24, 1878.

My Dear Wendell:

William and Ellie took the eleven o'clock train this forenoon for New York — intending to pass the night at the Westmoreland House — on their way to Philadelphia to-morrow; so you may perchance see them before you receive this. William must get back to his business by next Thursday, but Ellie expects to be absent some ten or twelve days, spending a portion of the time with you at the Park. I hope the excursion will do them good, and they certainly need the recreation they seek. Ellie has not seemed to look quite like herself for some time past, and William requires some diversion from the monotony of his counting-room, the wool trade continuing imperenthingly dull, with no signs of recuperation.

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Mrs. Hall, Mary Willey's sister, is lying at the point of death, and so intense are her sufferings that her dissolution is constantly to be desired. I called at the house this forenoon, and the resounding groans of the poor sufferer (heard from her chamber down into the parlor) were very distressing to hear.

My bust, by Miss Whitney, continues to be highly approved by all who see it. Mr. Phillips regards it as excellent. Miss W. intends to present me with a copy. She prefers boiled oil to paint in coloring it, but the former gives a yellowish hue which to my eye is not so agreeable. In getting it painted, what is the shade you would think preferable to any other? Frank has contracted with Miss W. to have it put in marble. If he had consulted me, I should have remonstrated against his assuming so large a pecuniary expenditure.

Yesterday afternoon I rode out to your mother's grave, in the Forest Hill Cemetery, with William and his children. The location is a pleasant one, and in due time my children will deposit my mortal body therein, side by side with the remains of her who was so loving a wife and so devoted a mother.

I have been expecting to see Harry this week, but he has not yet made his appearance, and probably has abandoned the idea of coming to Boston. I am indebted to him for a large and handsome bagatelle board, which will furnish occasional diversion when reading and writing become wearisome.

It was just a year yesterday that Frank and I embarked for Liverpool.

Hoping that you are all continuing well at the Park, I remain, always,

Your loving Father.

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